

## Start of the Finish for T. Kearns.

Senator from Utah, was put over a week on Thursday, and everybody took a momentary dignity on passant. And he was the quitter that he is. He and the "crowd" went to the convention with a determination to insert in the platform a resolution endorsing the administration on its attitude toward Cuban reciprocity, and he was to make a fight. Even had he been defeated, which would undoubtedly have been the case, he dared to spring it in the convention, a good fight would have made him "it" with the administration.

But as one of his heelers remarked, and the others looked "he made a bad mistake" and layed down at the critical time. Out fought in the convention, out generated in the convention, beaten in his telegraph scheme to have Beveridge stampede the delegates, T. Kearns failed. There were no more promises to make—it was a matter of brains, and the brains won out.

There was not one word spoken in the convention on the subject of Cuban reciprocity, there is an entire absence of any direct reference to it in the platform, and the victory over the dictation of the bulldozing clique which is trying to run this State was complete.

At the meeting of the committee on resolutions, Mr. Heath, Utah's pink tea politician, introduced a resolution which read, "And we are heartily in favor of such trade relations between our country and Cuba as will prove most beneficial to her languishing industries and not injurious to our own interests, to the end that Cuba shall not be compelled nor permitted to create an enormous public debt at the very threshold of her career that shall prove her undoing and our shame in the years to come. We, therefore, endorse the humble utterances of the late President McKinley and the repetition of his sentiments by President Roosevelt defining our commercial duty toward the people of Cuba."

Senator Kearns asked for the adoption of this resolution, he pleaded for its adoption, but the committee by a large majority couldn't see it, nor the substitute which read, "And we are heartily in favor of such trade relations between our country and Cuba as will prove most beneficial to her languishing industries, the assistance to be

given to be so rendered as to bear, if possible, upon all our protected industries alike, without material injury to those of any section of our country."

It looked cloudy in the west for the Kearns forces which consisted of a few officeholders, and the salaried attendants. Then they came off the high horse, and where they had hitherto made a demand, and then an appeal, they wanted to compromise, and with no direct reference to the question the President was endorsed.

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The other fight in the committee was on the resolution which pledged support to Theodore Roosevelt in 1904.

The Sutherland people would not have it, and did not, but little did the Kearns people suspect the real object of this action until George Sutherland arose after the reading of the platform and moved that it be the sense of the convention that Roosevelt should be nominated in 1904 as his own successor. The spontaneous shout that followed and the unanimous adoption of the clause told the effect it had had on the delegates.

How it gave the lie to the dirty slanderers of this honest representative statesman. And it was another beat for the crafty Kearnsites whose bewildered proceedings throughout the day were a source of joy to the assembled multitude. Everything had been made ready to have the convention bow to the will of the parvenue dictator, from the free distribution of convincing Tribunes at the front door to the speech of the Senator from Indiana, who was to address the delegates before the platform was adopted, and—there was nothing doing.

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While the committee on resolutions were in session the air was full of rumors on the question of the time Senator Beveridge should speak. It was planned by the Kearns people to have him speak immediately on the reconvening of the convention, and then the trouble started. A Tri-State rally had been announced, Mr. Beveridge was to speak at that rally, and everyone would be glad to hear him, but no thought of letting him speak during the deliberations of the convention had been entertained, and the sugar men refused to let the ring butt in with their orator to

influence the delegates before the adoption of the platform.

And then the Senator announced that if he could not speak at that time he would not speak at all. Then Mr. Beveridge was informed that if he would not speak in the evening he needn't speak at all, and he reconsidered.

Kearns and Heath met him on Wednesday, brought him here, and saw that no one else saw him, took him back to Ogden, and framed up the game which was blocked.

But my, my there was consternation in the Kearns camp during the noon hour, which continued till John C. Graham moved to hand the unpleasantness to the committee on permanent organization and order of business recommending that the Senator be invited to speak after the business of the convention was concluded. Just after the permanent officers had taken their seats, Hayes of Ogden jumped up and in one last despairing effort moved that a committee of three be appointed to wait on Senator Beveridge and ask him to speak while the convention was waiting for the report of the committee on resolutions.

The Senator was not asked to speak.

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And speaking of this same Senator, there were many who changed their opinions of this bright young man on Thursday. In the few minutes he spoke in the Reed hotel in response to a serenade he said, "I have traveled across this great land of ours, I have been in many lands, but in all my life, and in every land, I never heard anything finer than this magnificent band. Every note was an inspiration, etc."

It was Held's band that he referred to, but at that remark everybody said H—.

And the gush that followed in the evening with reference to the junior Senator was sickening to every intelligent man. We are not all savages, and these Indiana bubbles are a little too big to carry any weight.

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The convention so far as the proceedings were concerned, was if not a triumph for Sutherland at least an overwhelming solar-plexus blow to Kearns. In the main Mr. Sutherland drafted the platform which was adopted, and looking over the whole day there was not one ray of sunshine for our junior Senator.

### WHY HANS JENSEN FAILED.

A touching story was often told, twenty-five years ago, of how Abraham Lincoln in the poverty of his childhood was wont, in his zeal to acquire knowledge, to lie on the rude hearth of his father's cabin and study by night with no light save that supplied by the blazing hickory logs in the primitive fireplace; how he thus pursued his studies and, with the swelling hopes which his increased learning kindled in his soul, he was cheerful and happy notwithstanding the degradation and squalor of his surroundings; for that lowly hearth was indeed but the ante-chamber to the infinite hall of knowledge, glimpses of the splendor of which flashed now and then upon his excited mind, and those glimpses were filled with promise of what was to be, when the inner doors should be swung back for him to enter, and he, with clear brain and strong arms, should be given an even chance to make his way among men who did not love knowledge for its own sake and who were of no clearer brain or braver soul than he himself possessed.

We suspect that quite as touching a story will be told in this region in the near future. Anticipating it we give the outlines as follows:

Hans Jensen was one of the units of Utah's best crop. He was the seventh son of the seventh wife of his sire and at his birth was most comely to look upon. He had the flaxen hair and the blue eyes of the Norse kings, and when his meals were delayed he had a fashion of protruding his nether lip and howling in tones which a Norse lady who lived in the same block declared were but an echo of a sea king's battle hymn which her great grandmother, whose veins were filled with Viking blood, was wont to croon above her cradle when she was a baby, a lullaby to compose her to sleep. As Hans progressed he began to notice things. At seven months his first tooth appeared and then all the old ladies on that side of the block were called in, and one expressed the sentiments of the whole company by asking: "Did anyone ever see so fine a tooth in the mouth of so young a child?" Then all the others cackled appreciately, while the fond mother kept the saying in her heart.

At ten months Hans began to creep and his first great exploit was to pull the tail of the family cat until it howled worse than a northeast gale along the Grand Banks. Hans was three years old when he stole his first tumbler of jam. That the elderly ladies in the block united in ascribing to the first

movements of a germ of genius that would eventually make Hans an alderman from the Sugar House ward. As seven years of age Hans fell out of a box elder tree that he had climbed in search of sparrow eggs. His life was saved by falling in a sitting posture upon soft ground, and the fact that the ground just at that spot was soft was held as direct evidence that there was a destiny that was shaping his end rough.

At eight years of age Hans blacked the eye of his sister, aged nine, whereupon ancient Scandinavian literature was searched for a precedent and it was found that Berig, one of the earliest of their ancient kings—the one who first navigated a ship across the Baltic, did the same trick at his sister's expense some sixty-six generations ago.

Hans fought his way through the measles, chicken pox, mumps, croup and whooping cough successfully. The last mentioned disease, indeed, brought him much fame, for the whole block admitted that no such whoop as his had been heard since the first Indian reservation was established. Hans grew and grew. He learned his letters from blocks and when finally he could read his thirst for learning was wonderful to see. He had to work by day, but he was an insatiable reader at night,